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Tipton High School. Senior
Class.
The Tiptonian

TIPTONIAN

1913

VOLUME XV

PUBLISHED BY
THE TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL

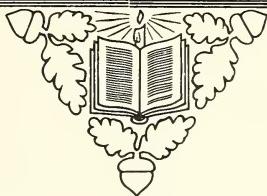


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The *
TIPTONIAN



*Being a Review of the High School
Activities during the Past Year*

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
TIPTON, INDIANA







DEDICATION

To the memory of Elbert H. Shirk,
a man whose pregnant mind saw in
its real proportions the possible de-
velopment of the Tipton school sys-
tem at a time when it was only a sug-
gestive dream to many of his fel-
lows; a man who loved children and
believed that good books should have
a prominent place in a child's life; to
this man the touch of whose hand is
yet found at every turn of school and
library affairs, we respectfully dedi-
cate this book.





The Tipton High School

— Motto —

"I am a part of all that I have met."



Color.

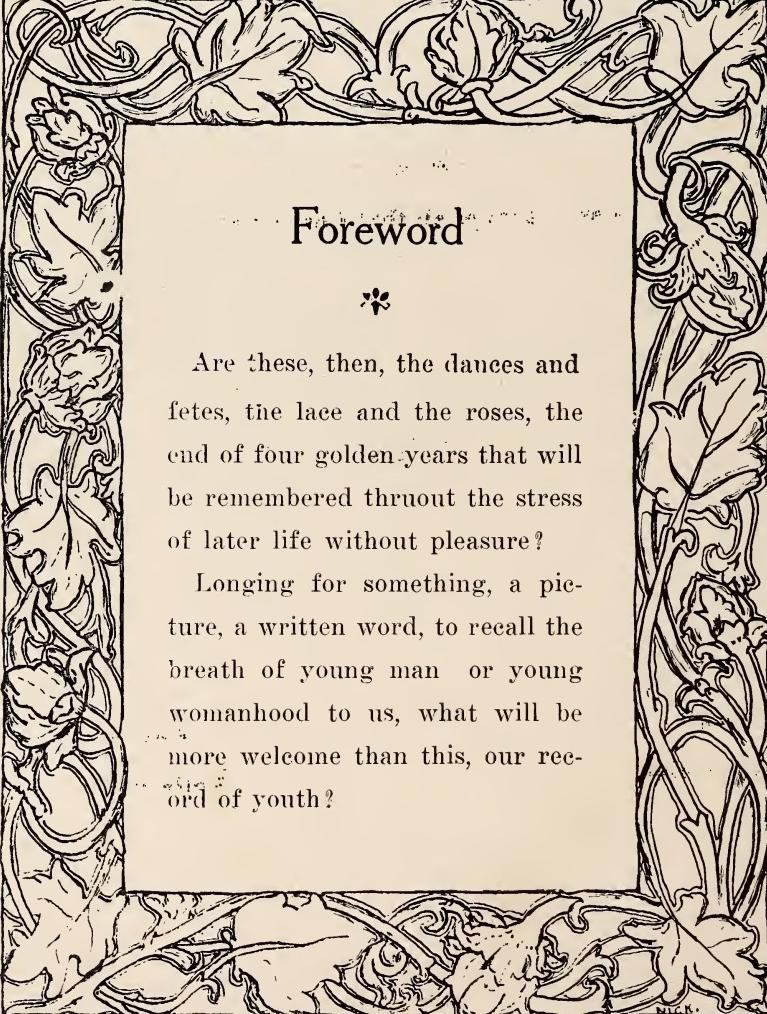
Prussian Blue.

Flower.

White Rose.

— Yell —

Hoop-la! Boom-la!!
Phiza Boom! Ya Hah!!
Tipton High School
Wah Hoo! Wa Hah!!



Foreword



Are these, then, the dances and fêtes, the lace and the roses, the end of four golden years that will be remembered thruout the stress of later life without pleasure?

Longing for something, a picture, a written word, to recall the breath of young man or young womanhood to us, what will be more welcome than this, our record of youth?

Swan Swanson's Wedding

ONE day as a peddler of wringers drove slowly down the dusty road leading to a little Norwegian village in Minnesota, he saw numerous wagons and buggies traveling to and from the city, where the farmers were in the habit of trading. As he entered the village, he noticed the people hurrying about excitedly, talking and laughing. Accosting the first man he met, a great, brawny Norwegian, he asked:

"Will you please tell me what all this excitement is about?"

"It bane a great time tonight," said the man, wiping his perspiring forehead. "Swan Swanson, he bane gone git married to Hulda Yohnson. Yaas, it bane great time."

"And who is Swan Swanson?" inquired the peddler.

"He's the squire an' bane to marry the blacksmith's daughter, who bane a great society leader."

"Thank you," said his interrogator, chuckling to himself as he passed on.

He had not proceeded far when he suddenly stopped his chuckling, scratched his head slowly, then slapped his knee, and laughing aloud, shook the reins briskly over his horse's back and drove forward at a smarter pace.

He paused at the first house and alighting, went to the door and knocked. The door was opened by a smiling, red-faced, blond-haired dame of ample girth.

"Gud day," said she.

"Good morning, Madam," said the salesman. "I have a new patent wringer which I desire to show you. I guarantee it to last as long as you want it to and to wring clothes so dry that they need not be hung up."

"Why," said the woman, "why didn't a' tank of that before? It would make a fine present to git for them."

She then purchased a wringer, to the no small satisfaction of the agent.

* * *

That evening the home of the bride was extravagantly illuminated, old Mr. Johnson declaring that for so great an oecasion, it made no difference if they did waste some coal oil.

The old gentleman was handsomely attired in a long green swallow-tailed coat, which had once been black, but had faded with age. It smelled strangely of moth balls and perfume. As he walked about with a pompos air, he slipped his large, toil-worn hand inside his collar, tugging at it and grimacing frightfully in an effort to keep from strangling to death.

The large parlors were lavishly decorated with paper chrysanthemums and roses of various lunes. In one corner stood a piano, the pride of the family. In the center of the room stood a large table and on it a huge family Bible lay opened exactly in the middle.

The bride was upstairs. She was being dressed by her mother in her

wedding garments, while numerous small brothers and sisters stood looking on in open mouthed amazement at the grandeur of her toilet. The dress was a wonderful creation of green messaline with a beautiful yellow flounce around the skirt. The sleeves were short and trimmed with the same material. Hulda turned this way and that before the mirror, trying to see how the dress fitted, while her mother looked on with admiring eyes. Finally even Huldah was satisfied and sat down to await the coming of the groom and the minister.

Meanwhile downstairs the guests had begun to arrive and were received and welcomed by Mr. Johnson. They were dressed in the colors of the rainbow, each endeavoring to outshine his or her neighbors. The large bulky packages they carried were piled on the table and the guests sat down on the borrowed chairs placed for them, talking and chattering all the while in loud voices.

Suddenly a hush fell on the assembly. A tow-headed urchin whispered shrilly, "Da preacher bane come." "Shh!" said his aunt and all the guests sat up primly with hands tightly clasped in their laps and chins drawn down agianst their necks.

In walked the minister with Swan. A murmur ran around the room: "Ain't he a fine young man?" "Ay tank ay'll git me a suit like his." Mr. Swanson was attired in a handsome suit of Shepherd's Check in black and white, and wore a blazing red bow-tie at his straining collar. He stood in the doorway twisting his new brown derby hat in his nervous hands.

The bride now entered accompanied by her mother and Swan, grinning sheepishly, stiffly shook hands with her. One of the younger Johnsons offered the large family Bible to the minister who explained that he was sufficiently supplied with Bibles. Then the ceremony began, the guests craning their necks to get a better view.

After the ceremony, the presents were opened. The first one unwrapped was a new wringer of the most approved pattern. After it had been sufficiently admired, the other packages were opened and lo!—the table was literally covered with wringers.

The bride fainted in the arms of the bridegroom, but soon revived; while the guests all talked at once trying to explain the curious coincidence. The announcement of supper proved a welcome interruption and after a bountiful repast, the guests dispersed, the men scratching their heads as if puzzled, yet laughing at times to themselves.

— AIDA ROCKWELL, '16.

The Dark Place

(A Reminiscence.)

BROTHER and I were afraid of the dark or at least we did not like it very well. In a white house on the banks of the Jordan, there was a certain place with which we were well acquainted. This spot was a very small closet built under the stairway. I can still recall the words of my mother: "One word more and into the closet you will go." This was all that was necessary most times, but, of course, we often landed in the closet. Here we would beat on the door with our fists and cry and beg to be let out, until the heart of mother would be melted. Free once more, we would start on our daily round of mischief.

One day we had been unusually good and mother thought it safe to leave us in the front room, while she worked in the kitchen. But not so. We entered the small room which contained the "Black Place," closed the door and locked it. Then we concluded that it would be funny to shut ourselves up in the place of punishment. We did so, but the door once closed could not be opened except from the outside.

It was only a few minutes till we wanted out, but the door would not yield. We became frightened and screamed, and the other members of the family came to our rescue; but the lock on the outside door had to be broken. When we were again at liberty, we were so frightened and had such a horror of the dark closet, that mother never placed us there again for punishment; so we gained at least one point from our experience.

— NINA SMITH, '13.



An August Day

GHE withered fields lay yellow and sere on either side of the dusty road which stretched out interminably beneath a glaring sky. The sun beat down relentlessly. The birds sought refuge in the trees of a small grove adjoining the meadow and sat there with half-spread wings, as if posing for a painting, the subject of which should be "Anxiety." The herd in the hot meadow also sought the shade afforded by the low-hanging branches and stood miserably flicking their tails against their streaming sides. All nature seemed to pause and pant for breath.

— HAROLD FRISZ, '13.

Tommy's Thanksgiving

OMMY JONES, a little chap of twelve, lived with his father, mother and three younger children, in an old barn which was hardly fit to shelter stock. His father was an odd-job man, who found little to do, and his mother did daily washings. Thus it happened that they were unable to pay even a nominal rent, and were compelled to live as best they could in a deserted barn.

One day while Tommy was playing in the street, he saw a beautiful little kitten which was being pursued by an ugly black dog. He screamed and ran toward the dog, but his efforts to frighten it away were in vain. In an instant more the kitten had plunged headlong into the old open well behind the barn.

The dog, deeming it wise to stay on the surface, stood barking angrily down at the kitten. Tommy soon appeared on the scene with a club and the ugly dog "stood not upon the order of his going," but went at once. Tommy's next thought was to rescue the kitten. He did not think about the waters being far below the surface, so he got down on his knees, looked down into the well, and then—down went his hat to the watery grave of the kitten.

Tommy was frightened for the hat was his very best. He knew that it had cost his mother the price of a washing. Tearfully, he returned to the old shed, where she bent over her tubs, and told his story. Mrs. Jones was tired and she angrily told him that he must find employment the next day and get himself a new hat or go without.

Tommy was up bright and early the next morning. Store after store he visited, vainly seeking for work. Finally he saw a clergyman standing in a church door. "I shall ask him," thought the boy, "if he can tell me where I can find anything to do to earn some money."

Touching his tattered old cap politely, he stepped up to the gentleman and said: "If you please, sir, will you tell me where I can find work?"

The bright face of the lad appealed to the kindly clergyman and it was not long until he had learned all about the little family, whose members were in such desperate straits.

It happened that the choir of the church was planning a musicale, which was to be given on Thanksgiving, and being told of Tommy's trouble, the members employed him to sell tickets for them. Although they could have sold the tickets themselves, they agreed to let Tommy sell them and promised to give him a part of the proceeds in payment for his work.

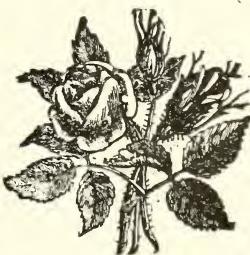
Tommy was overjoyed. He sold a great number of the tickets and as a result was given quite a goodly sum of money by the choir and a nice suit of clothes, went to the church to perform his part in the wonderful musicale. The pipe organ the night of the musicale.

When the evening of Thanksgiving arrived, Tommy dressed in his new clothes, went to the church to perform his part in the wonderful musicale. The concert began and so full of thankfulness was our hero's heart that it poured

forth in melody from his lips. His sweet, childish voice was heard all through the service, and after it was over, his story was told to some of the members of the congregation. As he had such a beautiful voice and had proven so faithful a worker, they decided to give part of the proceeds of the concert to his needy family, and to use the rest in sending him to a conservatory of music, where he could take vocal lessons.

Such was Tommy's Thanksgiving, and with the little help he then received, he was enabled, in later years to acquire a great reputation as a soloist, both at home and abroad. He now says that he would like to caress the old ugly dog which caused him to lose his hat, as he is certain that was the turning point in his life.

— MARTHA HENSLEY, '14.



A Winter Morning

GHE day dawned with scarcely a breeze. All things were covered with a glittering frost, which, in its feathery softness, seemed to melt into the air, forming a vapor that filled all space between the earth and heaven.

Sparrows were hopping from limb to limb, causing showers of feathery flakes to fall to the ground. In the distance, fields, wood and sky seemed to meet in an impenetrable white fog.

Should a picture of equal beauty be painted on canvas, the heart of the artist would throb with joy. Dreams of future greatness would fill his mind as he imagined monarchs gazing in admiration at his work.

We daily are confronted with such scenes, yet we appreciate them not for our "eyes are holden" and we fail to see the wonderful pictures which only the hand of God can paint.

— ALLAN FINDLING, '16.

Aunt Sarah's Album

SUNT SARAH had been airing her quilts and was taking the last one from the line when I entered the gate. She handled this last quilt very carefully, and after we had gone into the living room—a home-like place, with its old-fashioned furniture, rag carpet and spinning wheel—I asked if I might examine the quilt.

It was a beautiful creation of silk, satin and calico, joined together by quaint stitchings; a quilt such as is very dear to the heart of the one who has made it. It was very odd, each corner being joined by fancy stitches of different colored floss, and was made of many colored pieces. The center was also of intricate patchwork, but in it the stitches were of blue floss.

"It is a beautiful quilt, Aunt Sarah," said I.

"Yes, it is my relation quilt. I call it my family album. This corner, which you see is joined by red floss, contains"—

And I knew that Aunt Sarah was going to take me back to her land of memories, some sad, others humorous, but all very sweet, because they were Aunt Sarah's, for she was one of the dearest old, yet young ladies, I have ever known.

"This corner in red," she continued, "contains pieces connected with my only brother's family. Those corners in brown, yellow and pink, are connected with my three living sisters. The center," here she paused for a moment, "is made up of pieces connected with myself, my children and my children's children.

"This piece," she continued, with a bit of pride, pointing to a piece of silk in the corner, stitched in pink, "was sent to me by a nephew, who was a missionary in China."

"And this piece of calico in the corner," said I, "isn't it odd?"

"Yes, but my aunt thought it very grand when her father brought it home to her for a birthday present. He has gone to B—, over about fifty miles of corduroy roads, and traded five bushels of corn for enough like this to make a sun-bonnet.

"This," pointing to a piece of homespun in the last corner, "is a piece of one of my grandmother's best dresses when she was a girl; she used to tell me how long it took her to make it. I wonder how the girls of today would like, to not only make, but weave their own dresses."

"I know I shouldn't," said I, emphatically.

"To my mind," continued Aunt Sarah, "the center of this quilt is the best. This piece," pointing to a fragment of dainty flowered dimity, "was one of my first party dresses. I met Silas the first time I wore it. I remember the first time I wore the dress like this piece of calico. I had taken the eggs and butter to town in the old wagon and was just returning home, when the horse decided to run away. Silas, who was walking along the road, managed to stop old Prince and, although it was dangerous for Silas, yet it was lucky too, for I asked him to call and—well, that was the only time I asked him, he always asked me after that.

"This," pointing to a bit of white satin," is the last of my wedding dress. Silas liked me in it," and she put the precious relic to her lips.

"This piece is a portion of my eldest daughter's first party dress, the one beside it is a piece of her daughter's first party dress. It seems as if our first party dresses carry the sweetest memories." She paused, thinking, I suppose, of the evening when she wore for the first time her dimity party dress.

With a little laugh she continued to explain about the other pieces: each one a memory gem to her. Many were full of sadness, as that piece of the dress of the little daughter, who had died at the age of seven, and the bit of gingham from the first waist of her only son.

I left her,—dear Aunt Sarah,—crying over a handkerchief of Silas's. I needed no explanation of this. I knew how, in the prime of life, he had been killed by a train while saving the life of a little child, and that they had used the handkerchief to bind his head. Aunt Sarah seldom spoke of it and this evening she turned her face toward the little graveyard on the hill, tears in her eyes and a great sadness in her hart,—that sadness which is produced by memories of "if it only could have been," and I, feeling out of place, stole softly away.

— INDIA THOMAS, '14.

The Church in Lantern Yard

HE interior of the little white chapel in Lantern Yard was very plain. The walls were without paper and the floor was without a carpet. The benches were arranged in two rows, one on each side of the room.

The pulpit was on a platform which was raised about two feet from the floor. Altogether, it was not a very cheerful place and on the dark and foggy day of Silas Marner's trial, it was made more gloomy by the light of the candles. They spread a weird, yellow gleam over the faces of the people, making them look quite ghastly. While in the remote and darker corners it seemed as though shadows could be discerned creeping about.

There was a row of chairs on the platform on which were seated the men of authority, and over each face was spread a most unexplainable expression, and "looking past the solemn exterior of their countenances, you could readily see that they were not entirely averse to showing their supposed ability to judge."

Down on the left side sat William Dane," on whose face lurked a self-complacent suppression of inward triumph." In the next row sat Sarah, looking somewhat pale and decidedly pretty, and when the lots had declared Silas guilty, there passed over her face an expression almost of relief.

The small room was quite full of people of the community in whose life this theft had been quite an event, and they had all flocked eagerly to see the outcome.

On a small bench in the vestry sat Silas Marner, an expression of trusting simplicity was on his face, while he was eagerly awaiting the verdict which should strengthen or destroy his faith in God. — WILDA FOSTER, '16.

A Trolly Ride



HERE is probably no more beautiful valley in all of Indiana's fair expanse, than that through which the River Wabash majestically flows. A feeling of awe possesses the beholder as he gazes for the first time upon the handiwork of the Creator and happy is the traveler who, in a receptive mood, enters that valley of grandeurs.

One mid-fall day, I had an invitation to join a party of pleasure seekers in Northern Indiana. After spending the day in Robinson Park, our party returned to Lafayette by way of the Ft. Wayne and Wabash Valley Road, making the return on one of the "owl cars."

We had all gathered on the rear platform of the car, telling stories and singing songs, then conversation lapsed,—surely at the psychological moment, for the car rushed into the darkest of the high-walled clefts, in the upper part of the miniature canyon. The journey now became a race down the grade of the winding, silvery, shimmering river—a true pathfinder!

There was little chance for speech, even if the overawing grandeurs of the picturesque water-trail, seen in their most impressive presentment, as alternating vistas of shining moonlight, autumn-tinted trees and depths of the blackest shadow, had encouraged it. The incline was rather steep and the hiss and whistle of the brakes, the harsh, grinding, sustained note of the wheel-flanges sheering the inner edges of the rail-head on the curves, added to the sharp, piercing, almost incessant air-whistle, were deafening.

This medley of sounds was multiplied many fold by the seemingly demoniac laughter of the echoes coming from the most bewildering directions. It was certainly a wild ride. The sense of unreality was heightened by the brief glimpses which we caught of the round yellow moon rolling serenely through the heavens.

Presently the valley widened and the tranquil river, bordered by endless fields of standing corn, could be seen in the fleeting distance. The landscape revealed was the most pleasing, peaceful sight I have ever beheld.

This delightful, ever-changing, natural panorama soon disappeared, however, as the moon was obscured by a passing cloud; before this vapory veil was cast aside, the garish artificial light came into view—we were entering the city.

— WARD NORRIS, '13.

The Second Stanza

(The Story of Richard and Blondel.)

 T was during the Third Crusade that the Holy Land had again been captured by Saladin. This great disaster caused much grief throughout all Christendom—so much that Frederick Barbarossa, of Germany, Phillip Augustus, of France, and Richard the First, of England, each raised an enormous army, assumed the cross, and set out determined to rescue the Holy City.

The journey was long and seemed to be almost endless to the poor soldiers who were slowly wending their way toward the city. The hardships which they encountered were so great that the German army was almost destroyed in Asia Minor; while Barbarossa, it is said, was drowned while attempting to cross a swollen stream. Phillip was already discouraged and this, together with his many disagreements with Richard, finally caused him to turn back, refusing to continue on the journey with his ungenerous rival, so he with his army returned to France. Indeed, only a few ever reached our Saviour's tomb.

But Richard, though left to lead alone the small remnant of his men, still pursued his way, and after many days of weary marching, finally reached the city. Here his stay was short, as Jerusalem could not be won back from the Saracens. This great disappointment caused him much bitter grief and as he ascended a little hill, which overlooked the city, he even refused to glance back once more.

Accompanied by his attendants, he turned his footsteps toward home. But while at sea, he was shipwrecked by a storm and was separated from his company of men. After this he attempted to reach his dominions by land and, for fear of being captured by his enemies, he disguised himself while traveling through Germany. But it was here that he was finally recognized by the Duke of Austria, who made him a prisoner of the Emperor of Germany. It was some time before it was known what had become of him. England believed him to be dead and his brother, John, was about to ascend the throne.

But Richard had one faithful friend. This was a famous minstrel, known as Blondel, who was a great favorite of the king. Blondel could not make himself believe that Richard was dead. He was filled with a great discontent; finally his restlessness became so great that he determined to go in search of his master. He wandered through Palestine and throughout Europe, stopping at the castles long enough to sing the songs which he and Richard had composed while together, feeling sure that the king would answer if once he could hear his voice.

Time after time he was disappointed, but he was not yet discouraged. He kept on until he reached Germany, with hopes as great as when he started more than nine months before. Pausing at many great castles, he sang, but

received no response. From one tower to another he went only to be unanswered still.

After many weary wanderings he came to the strong walled castle of Loewenstein. Almost hopelessly he paused beneath the high battlemented tower and began to sing one of the French songs which he and Richard had composed in happier days; a song which was known only to these two. Scarcely had he finished the first stanza, when he heard a voice from the great tower above take up the second.

He had found his king!

Blondel hastened back to England and secured the ransom that was demanded as the price of Richard's freedom. John, who, with the connivance of the king of France, had kept the knowledge of his brother's captivity from the English people, and even paid his captor to keep him prisoner, was much alarmed when he received the cryptic message from the king of France—"Look to yourself; the devil is unchained." But Richard was generous and forgave his unnatural brother, while the unselfishness of the faithful minstrel gained for him the title of "The Faithful Blondel."

— GRETA BARLOW, '15.



To The End of a Path



ATE one summer afternoon we found ourselves driving slowly through one of the most picturesque regions of rural New England. To the west of the road rose a path leading the way up a gently sloping hill to a quaint old mansion. This was our destination. It was a very beautiful place, with ivy-covered walls; smoke was curling hospitably from a huge chimney at one side of the building, near which flowed a natural spring of soft and pleasant water. In front stood a huge elm tree that had withstood the storms of more than a hundred winters; near it bloomed a bed of many-colored flowers.

The sun had descended almost below the horizon and the clouds, which were floating above, caught some of its rays and reflected their golden beams on the windows of the old mansion, until it seemed to smile upon us with a cordial welcome.

— BLANCHE HASKETT, '14.

The Last Day

HLL day it had been snowing. A strong, driving wind was blowing out of the north. It was very cold in the little cabin on the hillside. The snow sifted in through the cracks and crevices and lay, in spotless white purity upon the floor. Outside it was piling in great drifts about the door.

Within was going on a battle between life and death. A small child was lying on a pallet of straw, wrapped in an old ragged blanket. It was a beautiful child of probably four years, with hair like golden sunbeams and eyes of heaven's own blue. Beside the pallet sat a woman, her face white and haggard. Want was plainly visible everywhere.

Suddenly the child awoke.

"Mamma," it called, in a weak and trembling voice.

"Yes, darling," answered the woman and came and bent over the little one.

"Mamma," has papa come yet?"

"No, but do not worry; he will probably come before long." The woman shuddered as she thought of what his coming would bring.

"I does wish him would tum, for I is so hungry. Do you fink him will bring anything to eat when him does tum?"

"I don't know."

"I hope him does, for I is so hungry and I is so cold. Is you cold, mamma?"

The woman remained silent. Her baby was dying—dying for want of food. What should she do when it was gone? She would have nothing on which to bestow her love, nothing to love her in return. Once her home had been bright and happy—now it was dark and sad. She could not suppress the tears as these thoughts surged through her brain. A sob burst from her lips which caused baby to open her eyes and ask, "Mamma, is you cryin'? Please don't ery." The last was hardly audible. The mother started to her feet and snatched her baby to her breast, as if to stay by force the fast fleeting spirit. The child put her arms around her mother's neck and managed to say:

"Tell papa—I said—dood—bye."

Just then the clouds parted and the sun burst through, robing the world in a gown of sparkling splendor. The last ray crept into the little cabin, touching the woman and her baby. Baby's blue eyes lifted a moment and just then the sunbeam vanished, taking with it the soul of the little child.

— VERA SWAB, '14.

The Country School House

"Still sits the school house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running."
 —John Greenleaf Whittier.

 HE little, white, frame school house nestled in a small oak grove some few paces from the old turnpike. The great oaks seemed like mighty giants as they nodded and murmured their welcome to the visitor, coming over the ancient stile and up the path to the great wide door, as children had done years before.

To the visitor, entering the small, low-ceilinged room for the first time, it would seem as if he had stepped into an old curiosity shop, which held innumerable treasures of the past. The quaint, home-made benches and desks were marred "with the jack-knife's carved initial." In front stood the tall desk of the master, "deep-scarred by raps official." On the desk was an ancient ink stand, containing a quill pen, the feather of which pointed upward to the low ceiling, made of hewn planks, laid as in the barn lofts of the present day. A rudely constructed stand held a dictionary, much mutilated from ill-treatment and long use, while a faded wood-print of George Washington adorned the walls.

— OMER HOSIER, '15.



ON PATRIOTISM.

O Patriots, our country's heroes true!
 Ye were the ones who gave our nation life;
 Ye faced the foe through years of bloody strife
 And gave to us our dear "Red, White and Blue."
 O, may we ne'er forget our debt to you,
 Who followed martial drum and shrilling fife
 To face the cannon's mouth, with horror rife;
 Who drained unto the dregs life's bitter rue.
 May this our land be known o'er all the earth,
 As one within whose broad expanse remain
 Those liberties for which your hearts have bled,
 Who, in its infancy, gave love's true worth,
 That o'er its heights and plains of golden grain,
 Might wave that flag for which your blood was shed.

— DORA L. DOVERSBERGER, '13.

TWILIGHT.



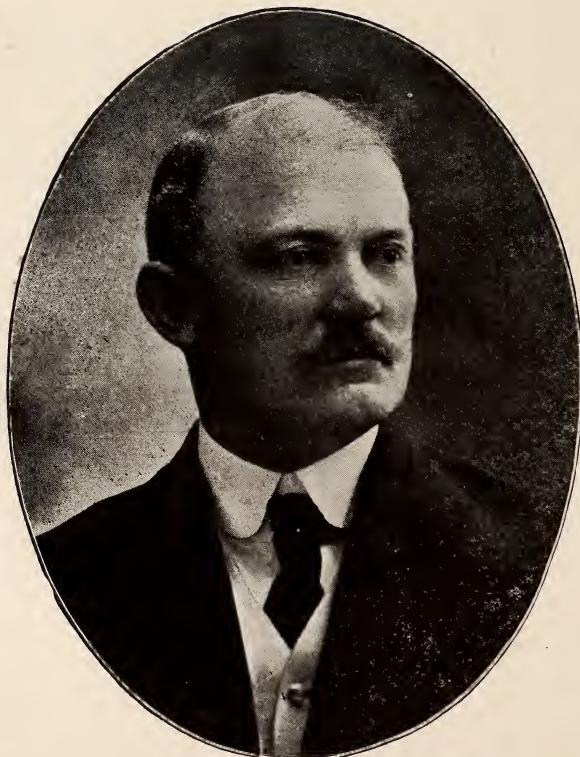
The crimson sunset fades to purple hue;
And snow-capped clouds are forming in the west;
The little birds are cooing in their nest;
And trees are sparkling with the dripping dew.
Some tints of yellow mingle with the blue;
And all the world sinks to a quiet rest;
Repose so peaceful nothing can molest,
As twilight hides the landscape from our view.
O gentle, peaceful Twilight, how we love
The welcome silence thou hast brought to earth!
Our hearts with rapture learn to look above
For love, and joy, and happiness and mirth:
With thee our fancy visits realms afar,
And mounts on wings, to meet the evening star.

— ELMA MICHEL, '13.



FACULTY.

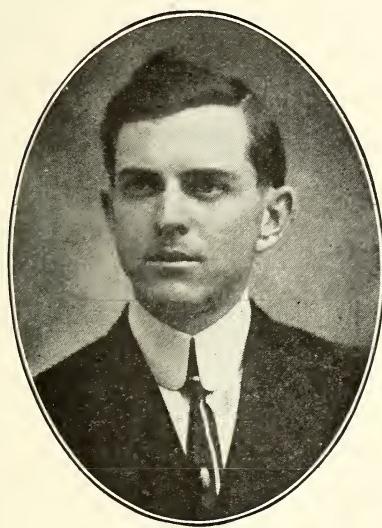
Just a moment, please! We here
Review a notorious gallery, made dear
Thru memories of the past.
Then to lighter business.



CHARLES F. PATTERSON.
Superintendent of Schools.
(History.)

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HARRIS R. VAIL.
(Music and Athletics.)

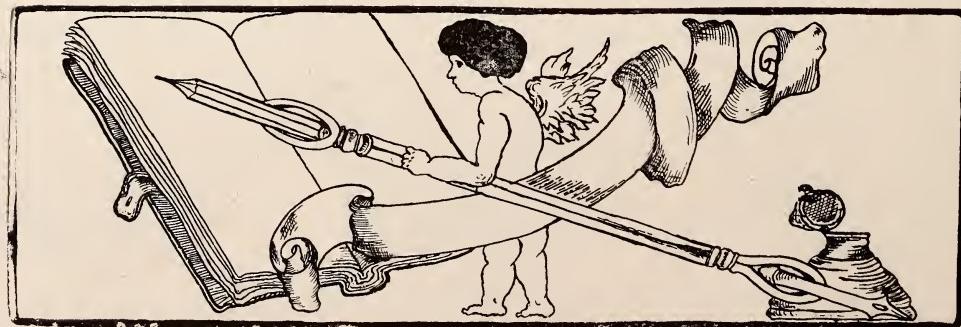


MYRTLE E. THORNTON.
(Mathematics.)

TO THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Enchanting High School, how I love thee now
Our parting comes to show me thy true worth,
And stir those nobler passions, which had birth
When first before thee I did suppliant bow!
I scarce had wit my cap to doff, but thou
Did'st comfort, in thy hours of toil and mirth,
What help thy means and compass would allow.
Rose-tinted stand those hours of careless ease,
Aloof from all that vari-colored life
Whose gay procession beckons youth and maid;
And offers wealth and sport, the things that please.
Beyond thy peaceful portals care is rife.
All this I view and hesitate, afraid.

— MYRON SERIGHT, '13.



SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Class Colors	Class Flower
Old Gold and Black.	Pink Rose.

Officers.

Ward Norris, President.	Alice Pyke, Vice-President.
Edith Scally, Secretary.	Harry Albershardt, Treasurer.

Motto

Keine Rosen ohue Dornen.

Yell.

Strawberry Short-cake, Apricot Pie,
V - I - C - T - O - R - Y !
Are we in it, well I should guess—
Nineteen Thirteen! Yes! Yes! Yes!



ROMA E. BROOKBANK

ALMA DOVERSBERGER

ENOLA BHYMA DAUM

DORA DOVERSBERGER

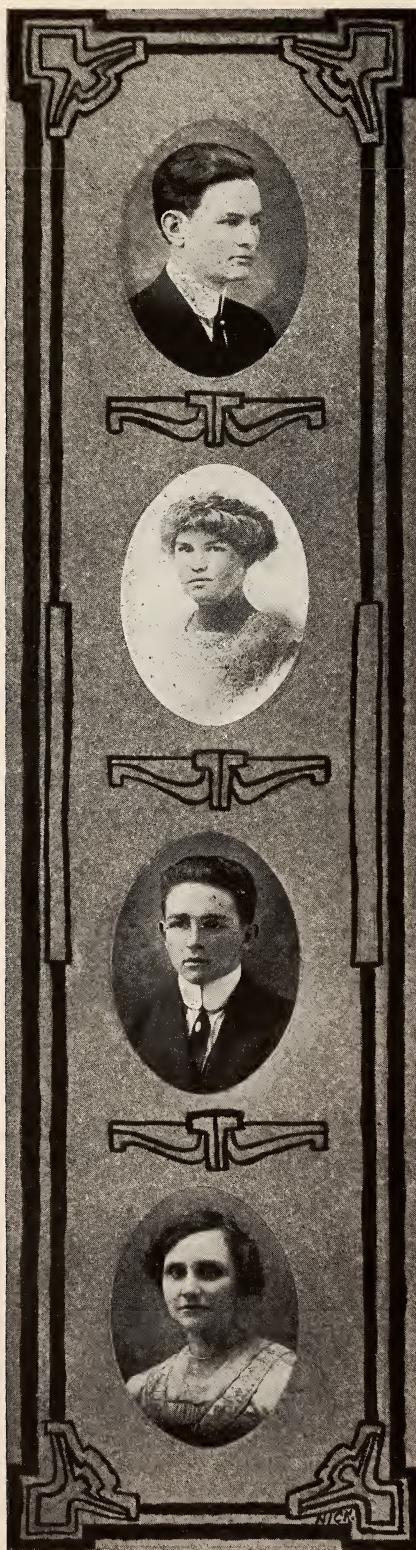


MARY EDNA BUNCH

FRED DANIELS

GEORGE WASHINGTON BOWERS

HARRY F. ALBERSHARDT



KENT LITTLE

ESTHER HURON

HAROLD JOHN FRISZ

MARY EDMONDS

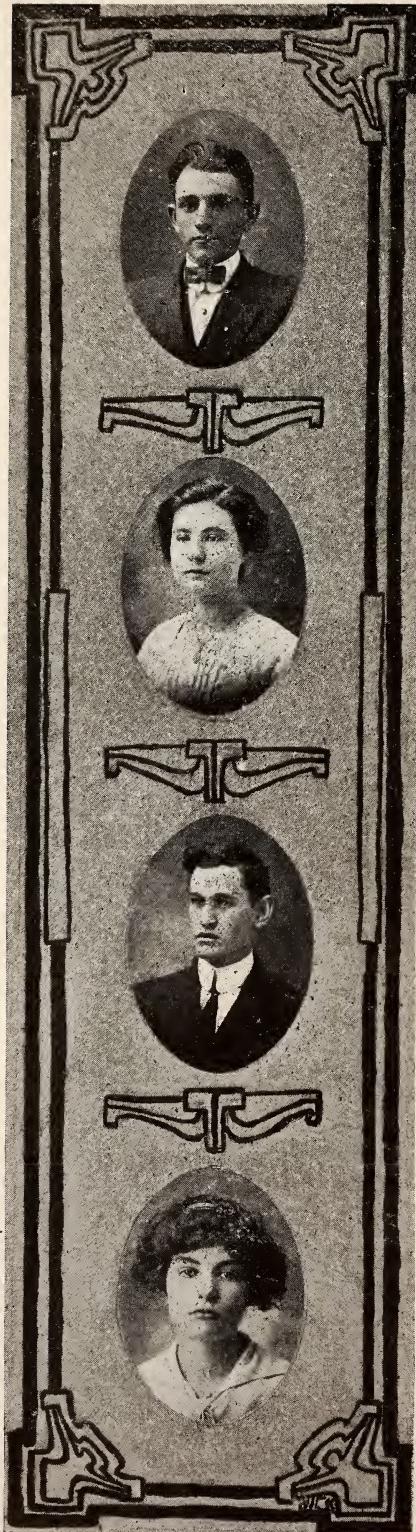


NORA SMELSER

MYRON J. SERIGHT

EDITH R. SCALLY

ERNEST W. ROSENTHAL

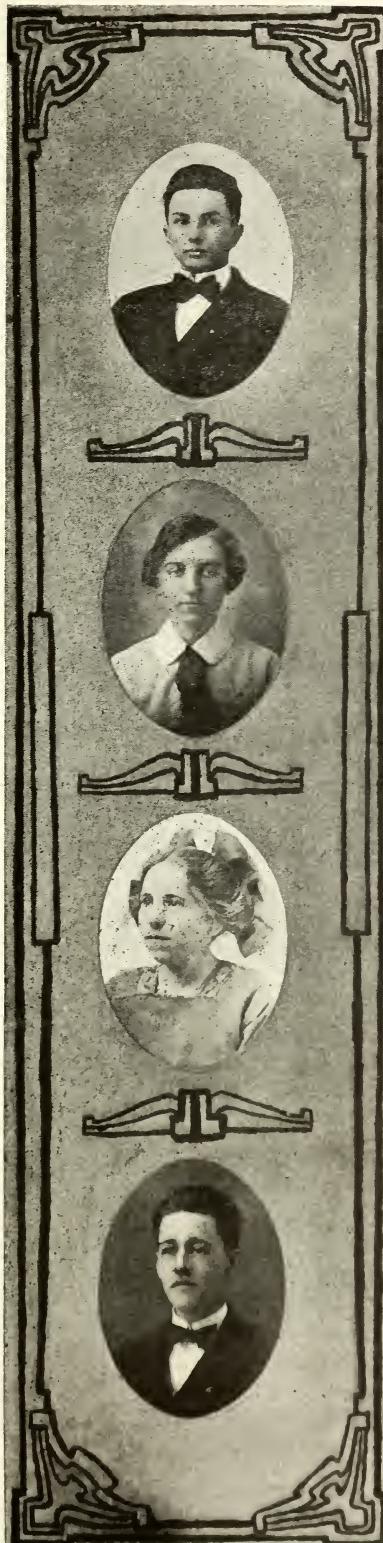


JESSE EVERETT MILLER

ELMA ORA MICHEL

RAYMOND LITTLE

LUCILE NICKEY



WILLIAM WARD NORRIS

MARIE PATRICK

ELIZABETH ALICE PYKE

RALPH K. PARSONS

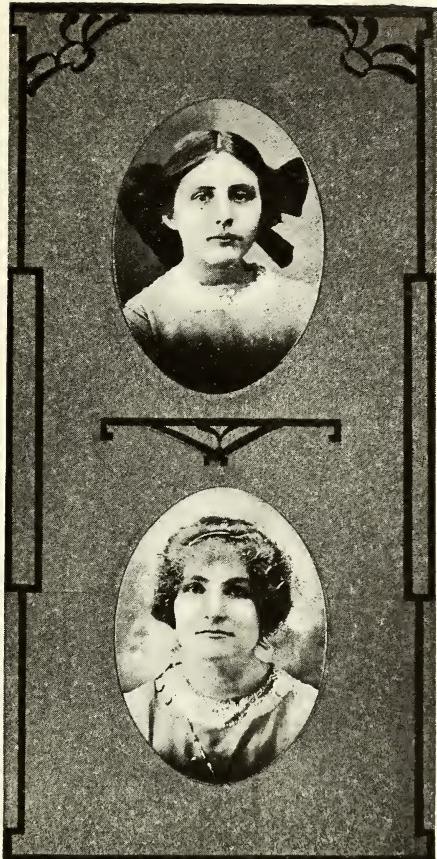


MIRIAM TRITTSCHUH

CARL A. CRAIL

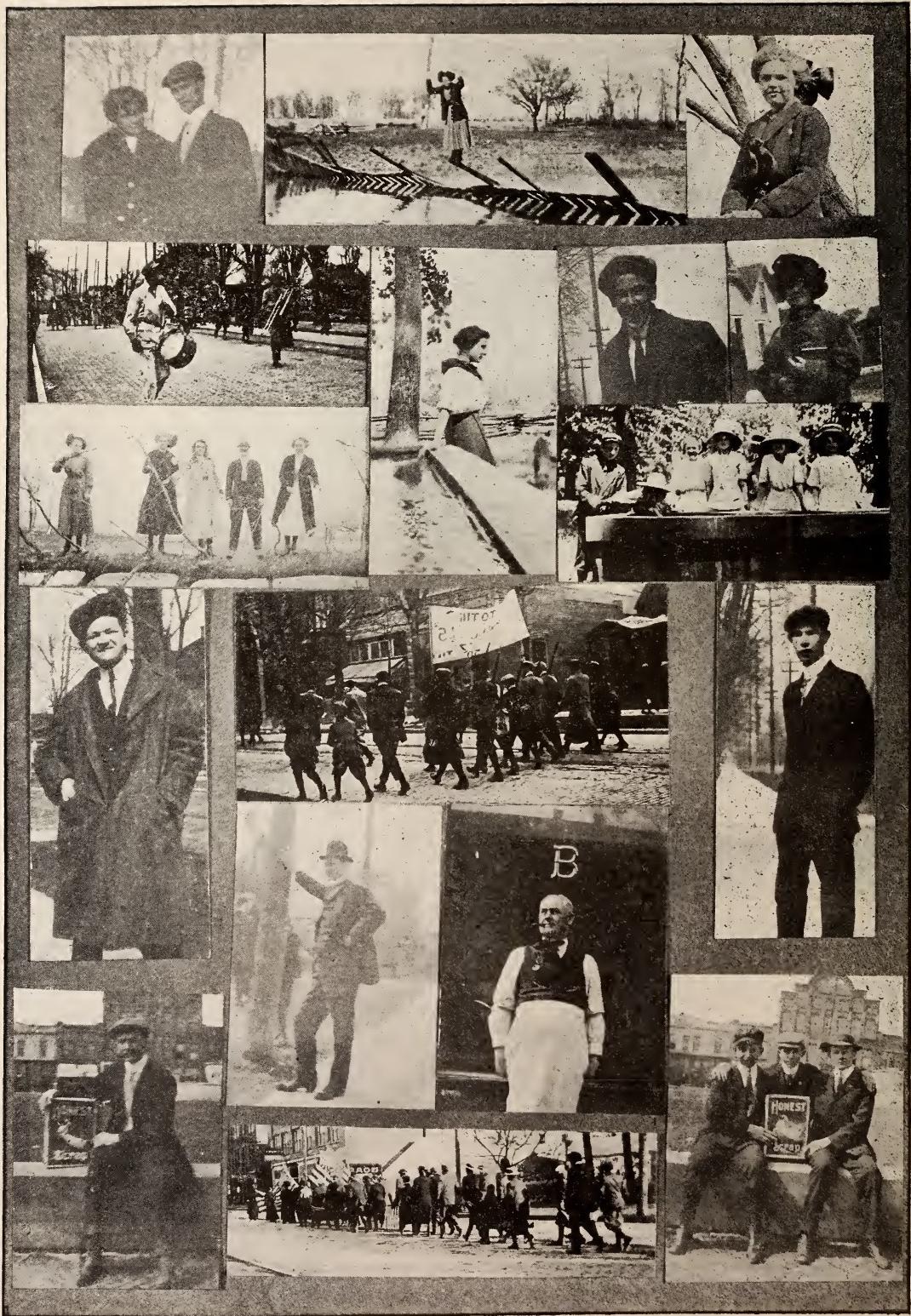
NINA BLANCHE SMITH

WILL ZEHNER



ALPHA WHISTLER

ISABELLE WALKER



A CHAPLET OF MEMORIES.

To us each year is like a pearl,
 Hung on a golden cord,
Each pearl brings back a memory,
 Perhaps of just one word.

Those memories we recall today,
 Of childhood's happy hours;
The time when every path in life,
 Seemed strewn with fragrant flowers.

Our hearts, our days, our years have been
 As care free as the morn;
But still our motto warns us there's
 "No rose without a thorn."

With this, into the world we'll go
 To fight and win,—and pray
That we may meet to tell our pearls,
 On some bright golden day.

— ELMA MICHEL, '13.



A SONNET.

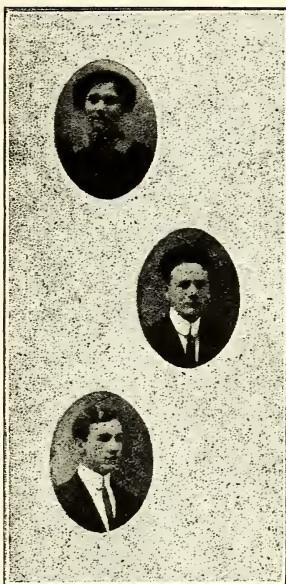
O, happy bird, afloat in skies so wide and blue,
And now descending from thy airy flight,
Thou greetest us with every welcome bright;
Thou charmest with thy pleasant tune anew!
We watch thee with thy plumage of bright hue,
Go darting past, then near thy mate alight;
List to thy lay which wins her love so true.
We thank thee for thy joyous melody,
Which frees our spirits sad, from every care,
And leads us by its gentle warblings low,
To seek the happiness we learn from thee.
Our hopes soar upward as on wings of air;
With lighter hearts about our tasks we go.

— ALMA DOVERSBERGER, '13.



JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Officers.



HELEN TRIMBLE
President.

HILDRETH HIATT
Vice-President.

MINOR BOWER
Secretary and Treasurer.

Motto
"Rowing, not Drifting."

Colors
Crimson and Cream.

Flower
White Carnation.

Yell.
Gee Whiz, Lippety Lizz,
Fippity, Foppity, Fappity, Fizz,
Zip Rah! Crimson and Cream
Hurrah for the Class of 1914!



The Juniors

LOOKING back over the long list of school activities of the past year, one can not but realize the creditable part played by the Juniors, and viewing the outlook for next year with the past season in mind, we see quite as enjoyable an existence in store for the inmates as that provided by this year's class. Although a rowdy crew at times, it will, let us hope, recognize its approaching responsibilities and utilize its unusual prowess for the good of the T. H. S., following, of course, the dreams and delusions of the retiring organization.

The Juniors' ball team failed to be crowned with victors' laurels by several per cent., but the Junior Debating Team, under the able tutorship of Bruce Milton Summers, leads the entire school. This distinction was made possible, it is claimed, through the lucid expressiveness of the gestures taught them by their capable instructor. At a banquet held on the fire escape shortly after the first Junior debate in public, Bruce was given the title of Cicero, a Roman Orator, amidst loud acclaim; this pseudonym to be used by him as he sees fit.

Luther Richman, owner and manager of most of the high school teams, as will be seen by reference to the pictures scattered here and there through the book, sometimes takes the field in baseball, if the occasion be one of note, and if his friend and cohort, J. Forrest also plays. In the pictures, Percy stands in the top row, to the left or right, as the case may be.

With the exception of Othello Powell, who has a passion for cowboy movies, the Juniors are even firm against the cutting of classes, and thus, as before noted, we expect great things from the class of '14, Rah! Rah!

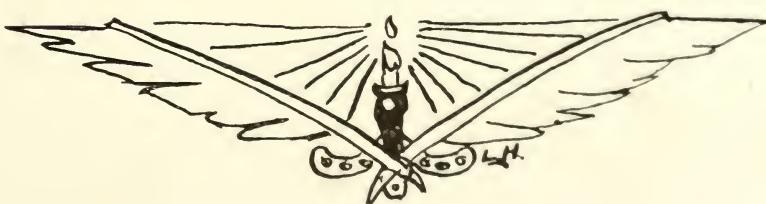




TO THE BROOKLET.

O merry brooklet, hastening on your way,
Here bathing tender roots of brookside flowers,
There rippling through the quiet woodland bowers,
Here chattering, bubbling, babbling all the day,
Your glittering sparkle and your careless play,
And silver sheen, make bright the weary hours.
You overflow your banks in April showers,
And wind 'mid blooming flowers in lovely May.
You rush, you scamper down the grassy hills,
With many murmurs low, and song-like trills;
And here you join the river's stately flow,
And under bridges, on and on you go,
Till now, beneath the sea, so deep and wide,
Your every grace you are content to hide.

— MIRIAM TRITSCHUH, '13.





SOPHOMORE CLASS ORGANIZATION

Colors	Flower
Black and Tan.	Dark Red Rose.

OFFICERS.

Charles Reuben Smith, President.

Earl M. Foster, Vice-President.

Margaret Bunch, Secretary.

Greta Barlow, Treasurer.

MOTTO

"Talent without purpose is useless."

YELL.

Hi Rickety, Whoopety Dass,

What's the matter with the Sophomore Class?

Hullubareen, Terazareen,

Doff your hats to 1915.



The Sophomores

SHE Sophomores are a nondescript lot, composed of "prop." boys, grocers' boys, railroad magnates, a printer's devil and a minister's son. They also have a girls' basket ball team which holds the championship over all the other girl teams in the school, their standing being one thousand per cent.

It was four members of this class, who founded the Ruffians' Association and brought it to its present stage of development. Anthony McEntee is Mighty Mutt of the First Degree and "Scuddy" Myerly is Loafing Loren, Master of Elegant Ceremonies. Private Vernon, (since reformed), was at one time a member in high standing as is shown by the cut of his sweater coat in the above picture, and, with his coat collar turned up about his ears, Lem-Fitz Kinder used to be seen haunting the ways that are rough. But enough of this!



In considering this class, it were cruelty to forget such an example as the vice-president, "Mop" Foster seen wearing one of his numerous medals (in the above picture).

It has been found that the Sophomore class can always be relied upon to lend a hand or an occasional dime to help any kind of a school enterprise, and their rooters are the best in school. Three of their members have been volunteered for service in the Glee Club, and four for the Sympathy Orchestra (long rest its tunes).

The quality of the '15 Athletes has gained places for them on the various teams and, in passing, let us express due appreciation for the work done by Coughlin in the County Field Meet. He was one of the few under-classmen to take points for Tipton.



FRESHMAN CLASS ORGANIZATION

OFFICERS.

Arthur Bryan, President.

Lois Blount, Vice-President.

Nellie Dodd, Secretary.

Clark Conover, Treasurer.

MOTTO.

"The elevator to success is not running; use the stairs."

WATCHWORD.

"Keep your eye on the indicator."

Colors

Old Gold and Light Blue.

Flower.

White Carnation.

SCREAM.

Bum, Bum, Fiddle-didi Bum,
Humph, Strump, a-flum-a-diddle
Ara - Buma - Rigdum - Jigdum
Boni - Modi - Kiro - Dirko - Diro!
(Repeat.)



The Freshmen

OH! Here they are! "Buddy" and Henry, Dewey and Hugh. The Freshmen are long on the Girls' Glee Club, but they steadfastly refuse to be sociable and permit their members to play on the Association teams. Their slyness and bashfulness in this matter may be accounted for by their love for small teams of their own. The two Freshmen basket ball teams made sport for the basket ball bugs during the winter season and although their football and baseball teams were never seen in suits, we heard rumors of some stirring encounters between them and the Departmentals.

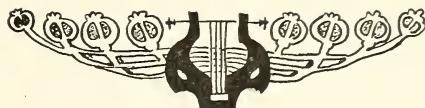
Yes, Aunty, they are very young and that may account for their queer ways. That their development was along the proper lines, however, was shown when they leased the Martz for a night and gave a motion picture show for the benefit of the school. This is the spirit that touches the hearts of the upper classmen and we again feel it our duty to commend this form of pastime to the first and second year classes.



Freshmen History

?





Music

SINCE the high school is the final college for most people, it must necessarily teach such branches as will develop a cultured, broad-minded people. There is no other one study, which will broaden the mind more, and develop an appreciation for the finer things of life, than does the study of music.

For the past year and a half, we have had with us, in the city schools, a man who is a competent instructor along these lines, a man of culture and of personal worth. His forcefulness of mind and his tireless energy have never failed him in his efforts to accomplish something in the musical work. Too much credit can not be given Harris R. Vail for the services he has rendered to the school. Never was the musical department as well organized as now; never has there been so strong a sentiment on the part of the students to investigate the world's masterpieces and to appreciate the world's best singers.

Mr. Vail is responsible for this interest. Not content to be supervisor of music in the ordinary sense, he has trained the pupils for musicales and recitals, the proceeds of which were given to equip the cosy music room on the third floor of the school building, and to the purchase of a fine piano, a Victrola and a splendid library of music.

His work in producing the two theatricals, "The National Troubadours" and "Singbad, the Sailor," can never be fully repaid. Too much credit can not be given Mr. Vail, and to say that the students appreciate him is but a faint appreciation of how his work is regarded by all.





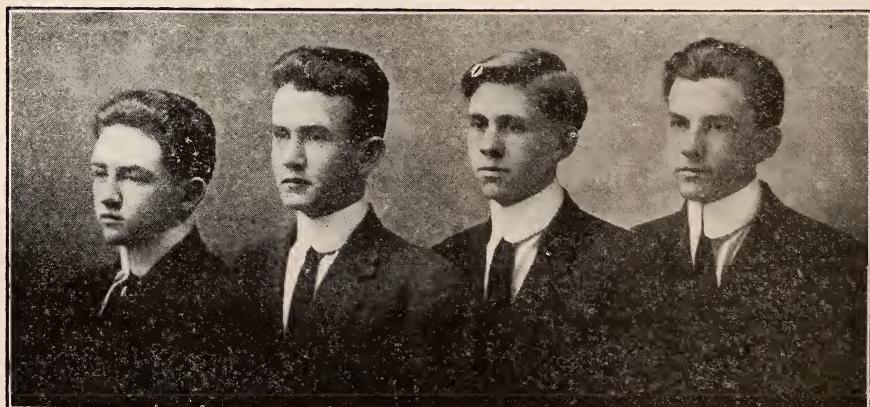
Girls' Quartette.

Esther Cougill

Marie Waflar

Elma Michel

Edna Bunch



Boys' Quartette.

Harold Frisz

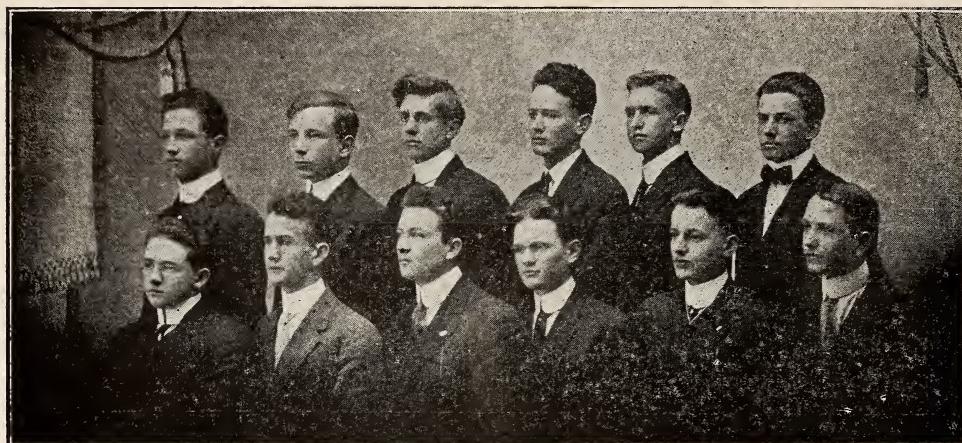
Forest Eaton

Othello Powell

Luther Richman



Girls' Glee Club.

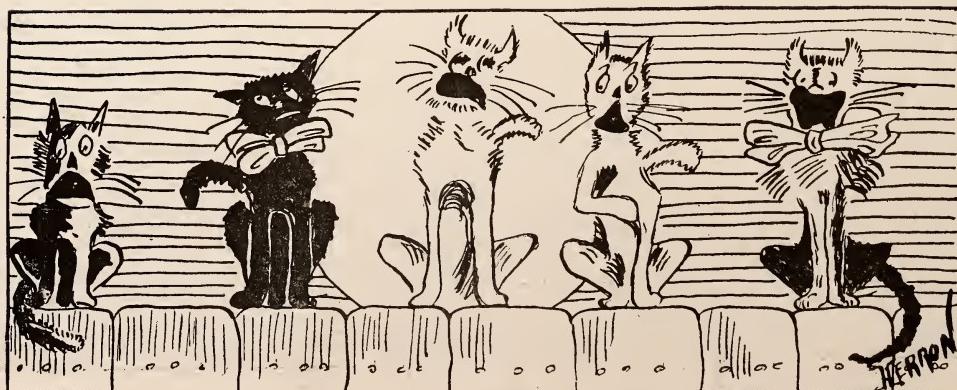


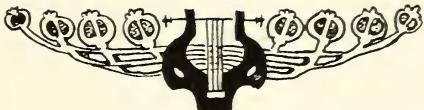
Boys' Glee Club.

Kelsie Warne
Donald Pyke
Othello Powell
Hildreth Hiatt

John Trabue
Luther Richman
Harold Frizz
Forrest Eaton

Lex Herron
Kent Little
Will Albershardt
Will Zehner





Concerts and Recitals

Miscellaneous Program, September 27th.

Christmas Program, December 20th.

Four Choruses.

Reading by Enola Daum.

Girls' Glee Club.

Boys' Glee Club.

Boys' Quartette.

Girls' Quartette.

Solos—Margaret Bunch; Ernest Rosenthal.

Trio—Trimble, Hensley, Shook.

Free Public Performance, March 11 and 12.

Exhibition of representative songs and work from the various grades.

High School Chorus and Male Quartette.

Before the Matinee Musicale, March 11th.

Public Performance, March 12th.

Program for Art Exhibit, March 19th.

Soloists—Ernest Rosenthal, Forrest Eaton, Margaret Bunch.

Piano Solo—Amelia McEntee.

Mixed Quartette—M. Bunch, M. Hensley, W. Albershardt, D. Pyke.

Program for Art Exhibit, March 20th.

Piano Solo—Bernice Leavell.

Vocal Solo—Luther Richman.

Male Quartette.

The Grade Trio—Clara Ziegel, Mary Richman, Russell Trabue.

Program at Oratorical Primary, March 28th.

Three Choruses, Assisted by

Soloists—Miss Lelia Kinder, Mrs. H. S. Matthews, Mr. Loyd B. Huron.

Orations—Enola B. Daum, Esther Cougill, Kent Little.

May Festival, May 8th and 9th.

Cantata by Girls' Glee Club at Commencement.

(“King Rene’s Daughter.” by Henry Smart.)

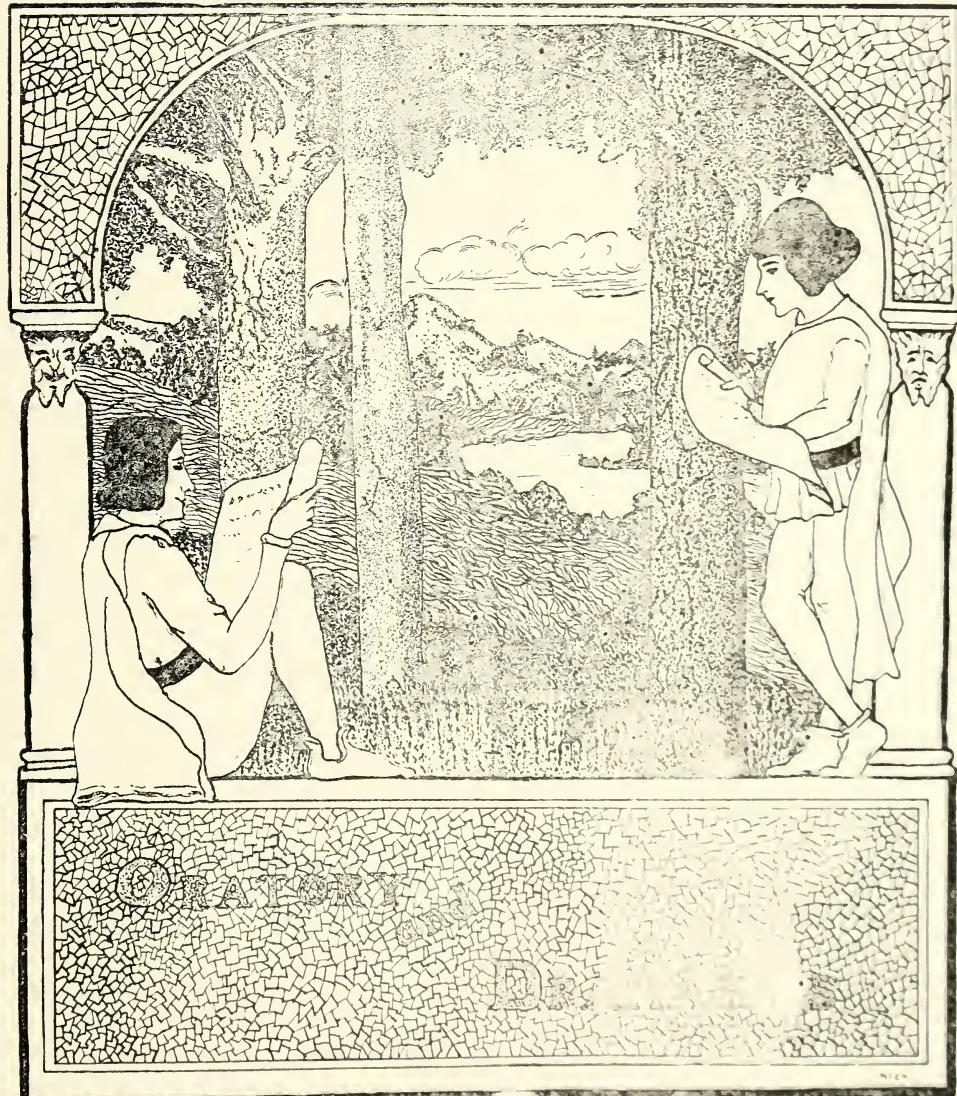




The Sympathy Orchestra



HE gyratory meanderings of the Syncopated Sympathy Orchestra have made them famous from Buck Creek to Ash Street, and from Cicero Creek, north to the L. E. & W. lines. We here present them to you in action, gentle reader, trusting that fond memories will be brought to mind and snatches of midnight revelry recalled.





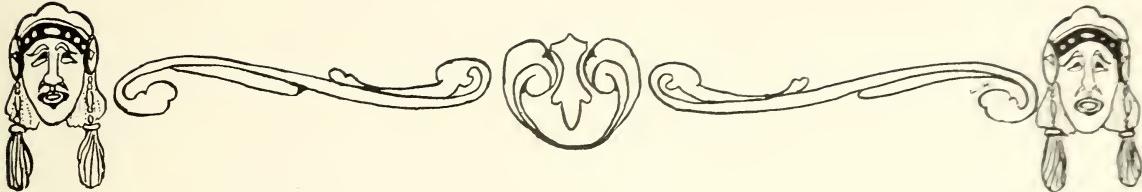
Dramatics in the High School

 HE year just past has marked the rise of a great interest in amateur theatricals and in other forms of elocutionary work as well. The students and faculty and also the general public have been very much pleased by the progress made in this work, as it has brought to view a considerable amount of latent talent and furnished excellent training for the student body, both in presentation and appreciation. The preparation and rendition of the various plays has afforded a pleasant and profitable relaxation from regular school duties and has proven that Tipton high school students can do a few things that are not called for in the texts, and what is more, can do them well. The music work of the schools has been largely combined with that of dramatics and thus improvement has been added to both.

Following the example of the last two senior classes, the Class of Thirteen, assisted by members of the other classes, presented Shakespeare's "Taming of th Shrew," on Friday evening, January 31st, under the skillful direction of Mr. Eugene Le Clerc. This admirable comedy was presented in a thoroughly creditable manner. Enola Daum, as Katharina, the Shrew, played the part well. Edith Seally, as Bianca, Ward Norris, as Baptista and Myron Sebright as Hortensio, did the minor parts in a thorough manner. Good support was given by the remainder of the cast. The students feel very proud that they have done so well with such a difficult piece. The work of putting on this play has been well repaid by the added interest in Shakespearean study, which was aroused by it.

On Friday evening, November 27th, the high school chorus, assisted by almost a hundred pupils from the grades, presented a musical fantasia and pot-pourri entitled "The National Troubadours." The play was elaborately costumed and was replete with drills, songs and dances representative of the various nations. A packed house greeted this play and when the performance closed, the music work being done in our schools was well and favorably known to all.

The dramatic hit of the year was furnished by the high school, when on Friday evening, April 11th, the students presented Walthall's comic opera in three acts, "Singbad, the Sailor." Ernest Rosenthal, as Singbad, was well assisted by Don Pyke as Hassan, his faithful slave. The sparkling comedy of the play, as presented by these two was not without high appreciation. Enola Daum, as Queen Gulnora, did her part in her usual excellent manner. Esther Cougill and J. Forrest Eaton as Zuleika and Murad respectively, scored a decided hit in their parting scene, as Murad leaves for the war. In this, they were well supported by the Drummer Girl chorus, composed of thirty members of the girls' glee club. Edna Bunch, as Princess Aminta, sang a clever



sketch, assisted by Ernest Rosenthal. This number was one of the many hits of the evening, and was excellently done in that baby manner which Miss Bunch assumes with such laughable results.

Elma Michel, as Lazula, the Singing Girl, rendered a charming solo, "A Woman's Love," and Luther Richman, as the Caliph of Bagdad, gave a truly operatic touch to the performance by his striking rendition of the caliph's song. A chorus of Tipton's charming high school girls—every one of whom could sing—furnished excellent support for the work of the cast.

All in all, the opera was a thorough success and those who heard it were unanimous in saying that it was the best production ever put on by local people.

We may well be proud of all we have achieved during the past year, and the elegant music room at the high school building, which has been completely equipped with the proceeds from the performances, attests both the labor and ability of the students and the generosity and appreciation of the public.



HERALDS OF SPRING.

The balmy breeze, the faltering rain,

The green-tipped grass on hill and plain,

The journeying flocks of birds on wing,

Herald the coming of the Spring.

A tiny floweret leaps to view,

And looks upon a world all new;

A violet with a velvet cup,

Into an azure sky looks up.

— MIRIAM TRITTSCHUH, '13.



Scene From "Taming of the Shrew."

Singbad, The Sailor

Singbad, the Sailor	Ernest Rosenthal
Hassan, his slave	Donald Pyke
The Caliph of Bagdad	Luther Richman
Ajib	Will Albershardt
Murad	J. Forrest Eaton
Cannibal King	John Trabue
Cannibals.....	Kent Little, John Coughlin, Arthur Utterback, Hildreth Hiatt
Queen Gulgona	Enola B. Daum
Princess Aminta	Edna Bunch
Zuleika	Esther Cougill
Iazula	Elma Michel
Chorus of Fifty People.	



"THE NATIONAL TROUBADOURS."

"Chauncey Olcott" Chorus	Soloist, J. Forrest Eaton
"Dutch Kids,"	Velma Reavis and Herbert Huron
"Spanish Troubadours"	Soloist, Miss Elma Michel
"Automobile Girls"	Soloist, Miss Mary Hobbs
"Indians" (and Chorus)	Soloist, Luther Richman
Character Song (and Chorus)	Soloist, Frederick Oglebay
"Italian Troubadours"	Soloist, Charlotte Qualters
"Moon Chorus"	Soloist, Russell Agnew
"Making Eyes"	Ivan Falconberry
"Mexican Troubadours"	Soloist, Miss Margaret Bunch
Quartette	Frisz, Eaton, Powell, Richman
"Newsies"	Miss Edna Bunch and Ernest Rosenthal
"Americans"	Soloist, Harold Frisz
Gnomes, Butterflies, Fairies, Etc.	

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Petruchio—A gentleman of Verona and suitor to Katharina	Mr. LeClerc
Baptista—Father to Katharina	Ward Norris
Hortensio—Husband to Bianca	Myren Seright
Music Master	Harry Albershardt
Grumio—Servant to Petruchio	Ernest Rosenthal
Pedro	Harry Albershardt
Biondello—Servant to Baptista	Miner Bower
The Tailor	Harry Albershardt
Servants to Petruchio—	
Nathaniel	Raymond Little
Adam	Ralph Parsons
Ralph	Carl Crail
Katharina—The Shrew	Enola Daum
Bianca—Daughter to Baptista	Edith Scally
Servants—	
Edna Bunch, Lucile Nickey, Alice Pyke, Miriam Trattchuk.	
Nina Smith, Mary Edmonds, Esther Huron.	



H R VAIL AND COMPANY
PRESENT



THE
TROUBADOUR

NATION AL

WHAT?
THAT?



THE
TROUBADOUR

NATION AL

SEE ME

MILE, HOBBES
AUTOMOBILE GIRL

J-FOREST ERTON
PRIMA DONNA



ROSENTHAL AND BUNCH



WILLIAM ROSENTHAL

Oratory

 HE progress made in oratory during the past year has been very gratifying to all and has as its reward the winning of the silver trophy cup which was lost to Goldsmith in 1912. Tipton was handicapped by a late start, but despite this, three students were able to present their orations in the primary which was held at the high school auditorium, Friday evening.

Kent Little spoke on "The Battle Cry of the Farmer," Esther Cougill on "Lest We Forget," and Enola Daum on "Joan of Arc." A good musical program was rendered by the high school chorus. The decision of the judges gave Enola Daum first place and Esther Cougill second. In the final award of places on the county contest, Esther lost her position and Tipton was only represented by the one contestant.

The county contest, held in Sharpsville, on April 19th was a good demonstration of the value of consistent training and should be a source of gratification to the Tipton students, as it shows that the work of the past year has had good results.

Enola Daum delivered her oration forcefully and with full regard for the dramatic situations involved. Her subject was well handled and written in an appealing and interesting manner. The work was well done, showing an interest in the subject, productive of a finished oration.

The Tipton High School may well be proud of the showing made in this contest, and by every effort should jealously guard the cup and keep it as a treasured possession.





Fred Daniels, Yell Leader.

Athletic Association

OFFICERS.

Ward Norris, President.

Dallas Warne, Vice-President.

Harold Frisz, Secretary.

Will Zehner, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Ward Norris

Harold Frisz

Will Zehner

Harris R. Vail

Anthony O'Bierne



The Association

 HIS organization was founded during the last semester of 1912 in order to eliminate the differences which might arise among a half dozen loosely constituted teams, and to unite them under a common supervision. Ward Norris was chosen president at the opening meeting and H. R. Vail, who was instrumental in forming the association, was chosen director and faculty representative. Both have held their positions since that time, and the enrollment has grown to seventy-five members. The various divisions have been unusually successful this year and preparations have been made to raise the standard even higher next year.



Tipton High School Football Team.

—The Team—

Name.	Position.	Weight	Yrs. on Team.
Fred Daniels, (Captain), ...	Quarterback	140	2
Roma Brookbank	Fullback	160	2
Ward Norris	Right Halfback	145	2
Ruel Goode	Left Halfback	170	2
Harold Frisz	Right End	130	4
Will Zehner	Left End	155	2
Miner Bower	Right Tackle	155	1
Anthony O'Bierne	Left Tackle	145	2
Jessie Miller	Right Guard	160	2
Ralph Parsons	Left Guard	150	1
Dallas Warne	Center	135	2
Luther Richman	Substitute	145
Morris Vernon	Substitute	140
O. Hobart Kinder	Substitute	140

The Games

GHE football season was short this year, and although the games with the city team kept the interest up throughout the fall, only a few games were played with other schools. The two games which aroused the most interest were:

At Tipton—Goldsmith, 7; Tipton, 24.

At Goldsmith—Tipton, 0; Goldsmith, 0.

In the first game with Goldsmith, Daniels and Frisz were quite sensational with their forward pass, which was successfully worked three times.

The other games, although of lesser importance, were, on the whole, successful, and drew a large attendance.





Tipton High School Basket Ball Team.

THE TEAM.

Name	Position.	Yrs. on Team.	Games.
Brookbank	Center	2	17
Rosenthal	Forward	3	14
Zehner	Guard	2	18
Powell, (Capt.)	Forward	1	16
Hiatt	Guard	1	15
Frisz	Sub. Forward	1	7
Pyke, D.	Sub. Guard	1	5
Herschel Ellis, Coach.			

The Games

Atlanta vs. T. H. S., 19-20.

Kempton vs. T. H. S., 21-4.

Kempton vs. T. H. S., 21-22.

Kempton vs. T. H. S., 27-18.

Sharpsville vs. T. H. S., 24-25.

Walnut Grove vs. T. H. S., 46-26.

Walnut Grove vs. T. H. S., 29-23.

Noblesville vs. T. H. S., 18-29.

Noblesville vs. T. H. S., 7-21.

Cicero vs. T. H. S., 24-21.

Cicero vs. T. H. S., 28-40.

Kokomo vs. T. H. S., 29-11.

Tipton City vs. T. H. S., 29-30.

Tipton City vs. T. H. S., 19-29.

Tipton City vs. T. H. S., 11-28.

Goldsmith vs. T. H. S., 19-30.

Goldsmith vs. T. H. S., 18-28.

Atlanta vs. T. H. S., 21-13.



HOPE.

The Spring is not so far away,

For the flowers will soon begin to bloom,

Though it is cold and dark today,

The robin sings despite the gloom.

— BEATRICE GAY, '15.



—The Team—

Name.	Position.	No. Years on Team.
Carl Crail	Left Field	Two
Fred Daniels	Third Base	Two
Luther Richman	Center Field.....	Two
J. Forrest Eaton, (Captain),	Second Base	Three
Roma Brookbank	Catcher	Three
Morris Vernon	First Base	Two
Will Zehner	Right Field	Two
Hildreth Hiatt	Pitcher and Shortstop	Two
Harold Frisz	Pitcher and Shortstop	Two
Donald Pyke	Substitute Infielder	
John Coughlin	Substitute Outfielder	

The Games

GHE base ball season was not far enough advanced when the "Tiptonian" went to press to make it possible for us to pass a review on the games. In the first three games, Tipton vs. Goldsmith, at Goldsmith, Tipton vs. Goldsmith at Tipton, and Tipton vs. Windfall at Windfall, the players showed that they knew how to handle the ball, and justified the feelings expressed by the fans, who witnessed the early practice, that the team is one of the best ever put forward by the school.

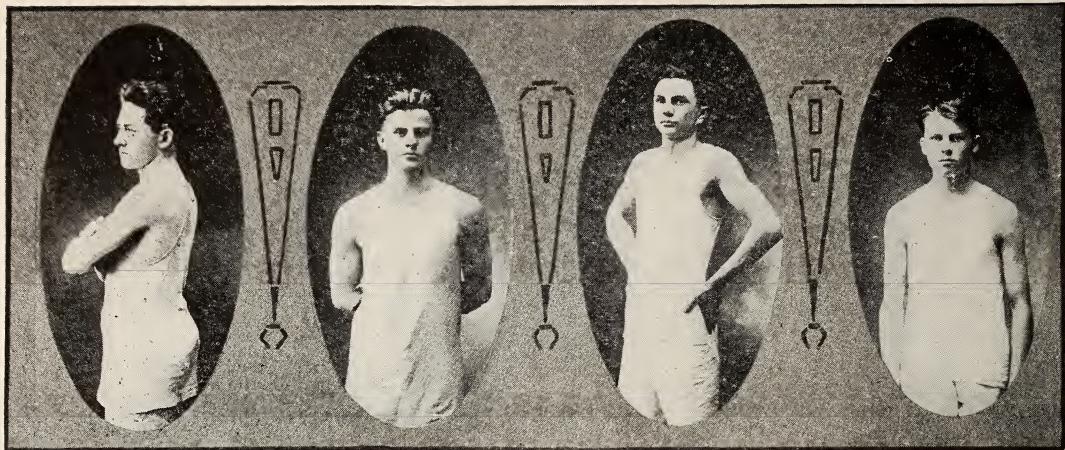


NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The hours of night are gliding past;
The close of nineteen-twelve is near;
Soon we shall hear the chime of bells
And greet again a glad New Year.

Now come, dear Father Time, we pray.
The Old Year fold thou in thy arms,
And bring the Happy New Year Day,
With all its fresh and merry charms.

— ALMA and DORA DOVERSBERGER, '13.



The Track

50 Yard Dash—Norris and Frisz.

Pole Vault—Coughlin and Hiatt.

100 Yard Dash—Norris and Powell.

Shot Put—Foster and Brookbank.

Discus Throw—Rosenthal and Brookbank.

220 Yard Dash—Hiatt and Frisz.

High Jump—Bower and Miller.

Broad Jump—Rosenthal and Powell.

$\frac{1}{4}$ Mile Run—Norris and Hiatt.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Run—Foster and Stitt.

One Mile Run—Powell and Gray.

Relay Race—Norris, Frisz and Powell.

M'g'r. Track Team—William Zehner.





Girls' Basket Ball Team.

Patricia Langan, Guard.

Florence Brown, Guard.

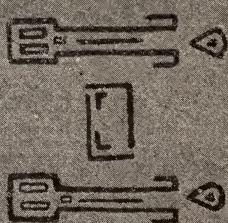
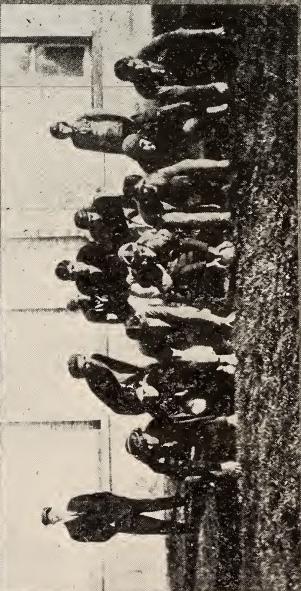
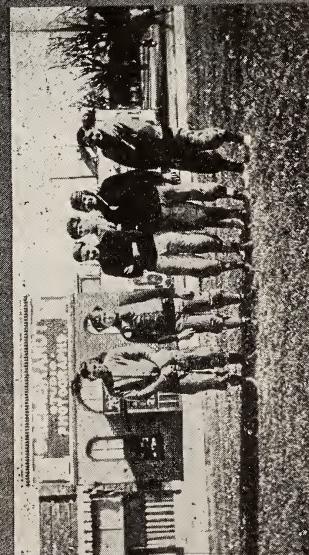
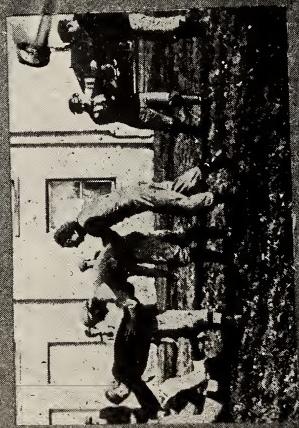
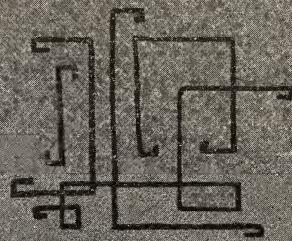
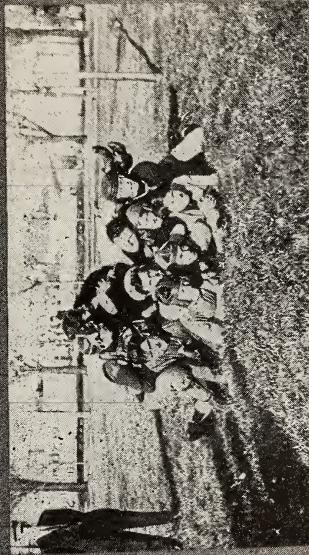
June Hooten, Forward.

Charlotte Qualters, Center.

Margaret Nicholson, Forward.

(Othello Powell, Coach.)





Class Teams

HE spirit of friendly rivalry was strong among the classes during the winter and spring, and baseball and basket ball teams were formed which played at regular intervals and practiced hard during their spare time. This was especially true of basket ball and scrub games might be seen in progress any day at the high school grounds, or in the room fitted up by the first team in the old school building. The standing of the various teams at the close of the season was:

	Won.	Lost.	Standing.
Seniors	2	0	1.000
Sophomores	5	1	.833
Juniors	2	2	.375
Freshmen	3	5	.375

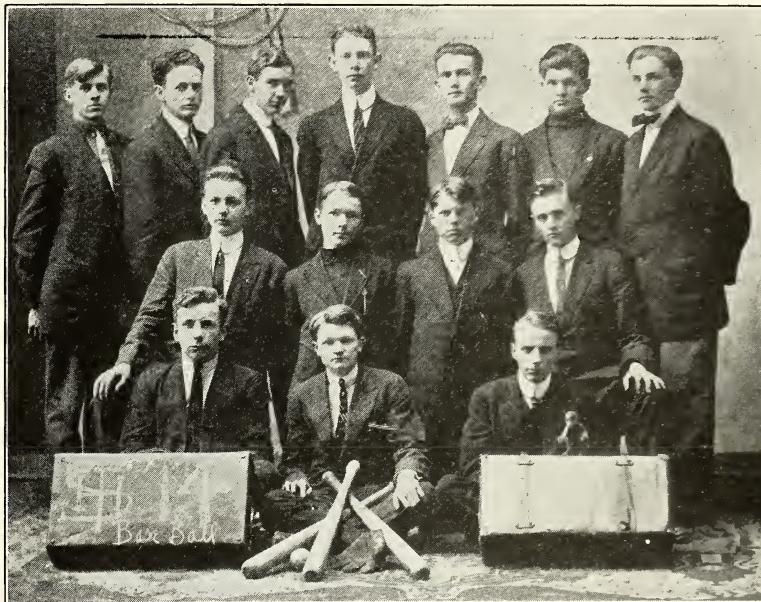
These games served as excellent curtain raisers for several of the big games, but the class usually preferred to play before a sympathetic audience privately selected, and not too large.



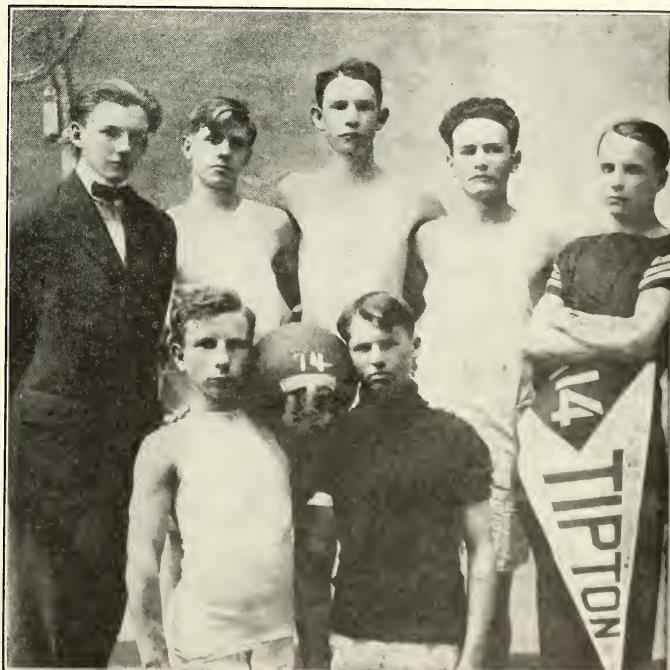
Senior Base Ball Team.



Senior Basket Ball Team.



Junior Base Ball Team.



Junior Basket Ball Team.



Sophomore Base Ball Team.



Sophomore Basket Ball Team.



Freshman Base Ball Team.



Freshman Basket Ball Team. (First Squad.)

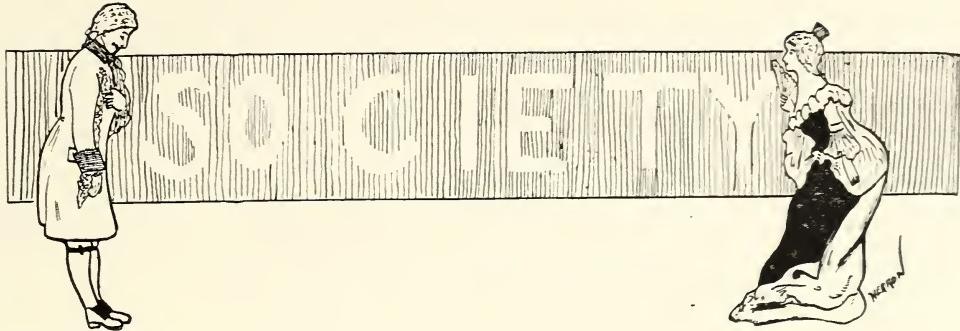


Freshman Basket Ball Team. (Second Squad.)

THE SUMMONS OF SPRING.

Buds and blossoms, trees and grasses,
Listen to the Springtime's summons;
To the enchanting strains of music
Of the harbingers of Springtime,
Of the lark and robin red-breast,
Singing through the boundless heavens.
Open up your folded petals
Daffodils and purple violets,
To the pearly dew of morning.
Fill your tiny cups with nectar—
With sweet nectar for the wild bee,
Sailing through the waking meadows,
Through the tree-tops' budding branches.
Lift your voices, O ye people!
Mingle with the sounds of music,
With the melodies of Springtime,
Floating on the balmy breezes.
Make this season one of gladness,
One of praises e'er unendin',
To the Giver of rich blessings,
To the great and mighty Maker!

— DORA L. DOVERSBERGER, '13.



SOON after the beginning of the semester, the Seniors decided to have an Autumn evening outing. Mr. Vail acted as chaperon. Sufficient "eats" were taken along and we journeyed to the Chautauqua grounds south of the city. As twilight gathered, a fire was kindled, marshmallows were toasted, and stories told. Some of our choicest songs and school yells were rendered. After having all the fun possible, the class returned to town. The various picture shows were attended, the teachers serenaded, and as the moon rose higher, the beverages of the Live Wire Drug Store were enjoyed, a mock wedding solemnized and then Capt. Vail gave us the order to break ranks. It was certainly a jolly good time.

* * *

On the evening of October 31, an optimistic bunch of Seniors assembled at the residence of Miss Edna Bunch, preparatory to making a raid on the newly married science teacher. We went en masque and took the happy couple unawares. Mr. and Mrs. Horton proved most royal as host and hostess, notwithstanding their surprise. During the evening's entertainment, all were astonished by the entrance of an old negro "mammy." There was great fun in guessing who this excellent impersonator was. It proved to be Mr. Vail. At a late hour, the class repaired to the "B.," declaring a most enjoyable Hallowe'en spent.

* * *

One of the most unique and pleasant social affairs of the second term was the Junior-Senior "Get-Together." This joint party was held in the music room at the high school building. After a well-arranged program, consisting of Victrola numbers, solos and short sketches, Mr. Dodds invited us to the banquet hall. Mr. Patterson, the toast master, called on the teachers and members of the classes for toasts. We had been warned previously that any one voicing a serious thought would be fined five dollars and in all probability be thrown out of the window. The laughter trust was surely cornered that night.

* * *

On Friday night, May 8nd, the class was entertained by the Misses Alice Pyke and Miriam Trittsehuh, at the home of the latter. The house was artistically decorated in the class colors and white roses and the evening's entertainment was varied with numerous forms of amusement.

Miss Edna Bunch gave a party for the Seniors at her home west of the city. The trip was made in the largest automobile truck that could be procured. Games and music were enjoyed and the jolly evening passed all too soon.

* * *

Class day was celebrated at the cosy suburban home of Carl Crail. The feast and pleasing time we were afforded will long be remembered by the class of '13.

* * *

After having looked forward to a marshmallow toast, the Juniors, on the eve of October 26, carried out their plans by going to Carr's Grove, well supplied with that favorite luxury. They returned home at an early hour, and all declared that the first party of the season was a great success.

* * *

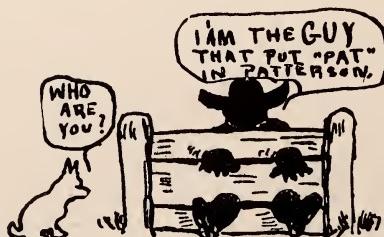
At the home of Othello Powell, the Junior Class was entertained at a Hallowe'en party, the journey of eighteen miles being made in a hay wagon. The rooms of the Powell home were decorated in keeping with the customs of the season. Leaving at a late hour, all declared the party to be one of the most enjoyable in the history of the class.

* * *

Melba Richards and Martha Hensley were hostesses to the class of 1914 at the home of the former on North Main street. The evening was spent in music and contests and dainty refreshments were served.

* * *

On New Year's evening, the Juniors were pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Mary McConkey on North West street. Games furnished amusement until midnight, when the party adjourned to ring bells and set off cannon crackers.



All Sorts

GHE lazy, hazy afternoon draws on to a drowsy close. The hum of distant classes comes softly down the darkened hall. "Lem" Kinder sleeps in peaceful innocence with his pretty thumb nestling in the corner of his well shapen mouth. A paper rustles in a far corner of the room, and Kent Little's watch ticks loudly off the slowly passing minutes of the Autumn day, while the Buzz! Crash!! Crescendo!!! What a scare! Mercedes—why, what's that? Oh, it's only Esther Cougill sneezing again. It's the asthma, really now, if you must know.

* * *

Jean—Did your watch stop when it struck the floor?

Bruce—Sure, did you think it would go through?

* * *

Extra from an English composition by Beatrice Gay:

"The man was mourning over his dead wife, who had died several months hence."

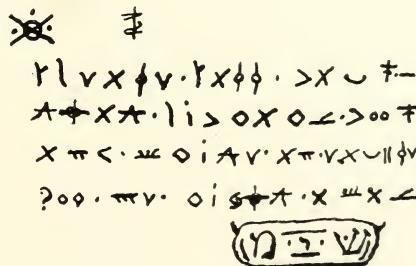
* * *

Wanted—Spearmint Chewing Gum wrappers.—Ward Norris.

* * *

And here we wish to express our appreciation of the delicious apples kept in front of the Smith Fish Grocery Store.—High School Boys.

* * *



The above is a fac-simile of a note culled from the assembly room waste basket. This system was invented by W. Norris in the year three, and is widely used.

* * *

It appeared. It disappeared. It was Harry's new sweater coat.

* * *

Hortensio—Take back your liveries; I ordered a cheese sandwich.

* * *

"Up with the prices. Here comes McEntee!"

* * *

Patronize our advertisers. It is through their support that we are able to print this book.

TO SPRING.

The winds blow soft and low across the glens;
And songs of robins fill the morning air;
While in the woodland tiny flowerets fair
Peep timidly from out their leafy dens.
About the eaves now chirp the little wrens;
And Nature puts her workshop in repair;
Her naked woodlands and her shady fens;
Her muddy brooks and meadows, brown and bare.
Across the sleeping world so dark and still,
The gentle South Wind whispers, "Spring has come."
Responsive to her call, the life beneath
The dormant clod awakes and blooms, until
The songs of birds, the busy bees low hum,
Are heard from every woodland, hill and heath.

— NINA SMITH, '13.



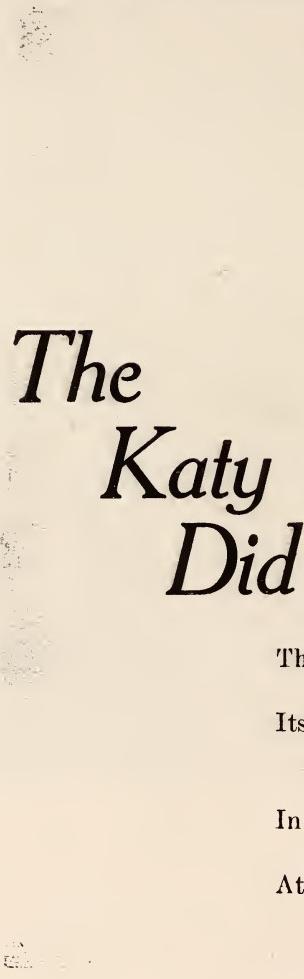
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Esther Huron	- - - - -	Society Editor
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Edna Bunch	- - - - -	Ass't. Literary Editor
Luther Richman	- - - - -	Junior Class Manager

Artists.

Lex Herron	Margaret Nicholson
------------	--------------------

Associate Editors.

Kent Little	Ward Norris	Helen Trimble	John Gifford
Esther Cougill,	Aida Rockwell,	John Pyke	
	Edythe Leavell.		



The Katy Did

The Katy-Did's a handsome bird,
Its song is like a guz;
Its legs are lank, its phiz absurd;
Its bean the nuttiest ever wuz.

In the gentle days of hazy Fall,
In Hleck does Katy dwell;
At night she has a warbling call
That waffles o'er the dell.

— M. S., '13.

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FOR YOUR FEET'S SAKE.

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A REVERY.

In Autumn, when the leaves have turned to red,
And skies are clothed in gray mists overhead,
'Tis then I love to roam in forests wide,
Or watch the slowly moving, rippling tide.

The leaves will flutter downward one by one;
The forests fail to hide the golden sun;
The tide will cease to ripple on the shore;
And time and tide, and death shall be no more.

— ELMA MICHEL, '13.

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Hale's
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SPRING.

The trembling light of early dawn
Now broadens into day;
The sun now drifts from out the clouds,
And sheds its softest ray.

It casts its golden blessing o'er
Each herald of the Spring,
It gives the world a brighter mood
And joy to everything.

Each little flower is called from sleep,
And opens wide its eyes,
And bends its graceful, nodding head
To meet the bright spring skies.

— MARY EDMONDS, '13.

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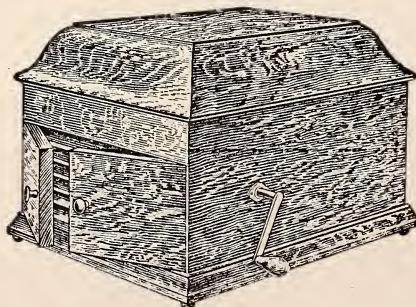
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Leatherman's

THE SUNBEAM.

The sky was full of soft gray clouds;
The ground was covered with snow;
The fence and gate, the trees and shrubs
Were white as the earth below.

But a sunny gleam shone through the rift
In the gray clouds overhead,
And brightened each cold and snowy drift,
E'er its mission on earth was sped.

Like a gleam of hope, the little ray,
As it shone through the rift above,
Smiled down on the earth as if to say,
"I bring you a message of love."

— **NELLIE DODD,**

Hobbs & Rosenthal

Home Of
SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
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F. E. Goodnight

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Hardware and Implements.

A Complete Line.

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